

Greene County Republican.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1866.

NO. 4.

CURTIN AND GEARY.

[The Bellefonte "Press" says: Governor Curtin is sojourning for a few days in our borough. He looks hale and hearty, and meets everywhere the cordial welcome to which he is entitled. He authorizes us to contradict expressly the statement made in last week's "Watchman," that he is opposed to General Geary. On the contrary he declares his purpose to do all he can to secure his election.—He further assures us that the triumph of Geary is beyond a reasonable doubt. We need not say that Gov. Curtin's wishes and efforts are cordially with the party and its candidates. It could not be otherwise.]

Ma. James Ames takes the above paragraph for his text, and writes the following for the Millburg "Telegraph":

And why should not the soldier's friend? Support the soldier, true and brave? One fought, his country to defend; One toiled, our noble boys to save.

Each in his sphere, a brilliant star, And both true champions of the right; The tales of traitors shall not mar Their councils, nor impair their might!

Brave noble Curtin! While his health Seemed blasted—withering for the tomb, He led this glorious Commonwealth Through years of struggling anxious gloom.

With fiery vehemence of soul, Springing from warm Hibernian blood; Yet, under Reason's calm control, He guides our vessel o'er the flood.

No chief of any loyal State More honored, more beloved than he; God grant that he—his health, restored, Long life and happiness may see!

And why should noble Geary fall To govern well the "Keystone State"? His name the loyal millions hail— He's earned each traitor's deadly hate!

He's honest, patriotic, just; He has experience, knowledge, sense; Like Andy Curtin, never yet Was Geary seen outside the fence!

When infant Kansas gasping lay, Tormented by Slavery in her night, How nobly, promptly Geary then Forsook mere party for the right!

Honor to such! they have to bear A double portion of the hate Of simpatons, who loudly swear 'Twas Slavery made the nation great!

How shall we carry Geary, then, And save the honor of the State? Work hard! And let the Copperheads Support their own third candidate!

Their ship's a wreck—their sails are torn— They're drifting toward the rocky strand; They're bound to Davy's Locker! Well, Just let them go—'double man'd'!

Our ship's in trim—our compass right; One Pilot for our craft will do! But as the Caps are in distress, We're willing they shall sail with two!

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

Under the shadow of the old Lutheran church of this city and close by the door where the worshippers from week to week go in and out, lies the body of a distinguished Pennsylvania officer, who fought under Washington in the war for Independence. The mural tablet which tells the story of the sleeping soldier reminds us strongly of the scenes of to-day:

"THOMAS MIFFLIN, Major General in the Revolutionary Army of the United States, and Governor of Pennsylvania."

It seems, then, that it is not a new thing in our history for a great Republic to reward her patriotic children with civil honors. Connecticut, in tendering her Governorship to Gen. Hawley of Richmond fame, and Rhode Island in offering the first position in her gift to fighting and persevering Barnside, were only doing in 1856 what Pennsylvania had done in a past century.

And shall Pennsylvania do less to day for her fighting sons than in years of Revolutionary story? Shall the child be less grateful than their fathers? What Major General Miffin did in 1776, Maj. Gen. Geary has done in 1861. Altho they have trodden for the Commonwealth thibloody wise press of war—Altho have they held in their hands the most precious trust of the State—the lives of young men. In the time of peril, in thhour of danger, altho their manhood was the bulwark of the Commonwealth. Our fathers, the fathers of the men who walk the streets of Lancaster to-day, will vote at the polls of Lancaster to fill, our honest, upright fathers, as a matter of simple justice, made Miffin Governor. Shall we do less to-day than our recognition of such services less substantial, our gratitude less apt and graceful because our strifes bloodier?

Doubtless in these days there was opposition. Doubtless Gen. Miffin had his Clymer, a tory sympathizer,

some cold, polished gentleman too respectable to associate with the ragged Pennsylvania line, or feel for the martyrs of the common people at Valley Forge. But the people of those days believed that the men who fought for their country were the safe ones to govern it, and that those who had represented them on the battle field were the proper representatives in the Council Chamber.—History applauds their decision. In honoring their patriotic citizen they did honor to themselves and left their action for a lesson to their posterity.

That ancient grave, in the churchyard of Old Trinity, is a standing appeal for the Republican cause. It is an admonition from our ancestors, ever reminding us to be true to the cause and the men of the Union. It was erected in perpetual memory of the soldier-governor of our patriotic forefathers, and to remind us forever, by their example, of our duty.

Yes, this grave, and the grave of every soldier in the Commonwealth, pleads for Geary. He represents not only the living, but the dead of all the State. We honor them in honoring him. And truly, when we think of the great army of our martyrs who have given their lives that the Republic might live, and how they died on bloody fields, in ghastly hospitals, and spectral prisons, we feel that we can never too greatly honor or do too much for those men who were the comrades of our dead.

What community of feeling or interest has Clymer with the dead of the people? Consistent only in his cold opposition to his country and his country's army, is it not revolting to mention his name with the sleeping children of the nation? Is it not wrong to speak of him when we mourn for fallen manhood, and deplore the fate of generous patriotism?

No; the great armies of our dead, whether of Revolutionary or contemporary memory—for they fought for a common cause and fell for a common country—implore us in language that cannot be unheeded, to stand by the men who, for us, in the great extremity, stood by them—even unto death.—*Lancaster Express.*

THE WAR-CLOUD IN EUROPE.

The war rumors in Europe are already creating a fluttering in financial circles over the water. The demand for money is so urgent that the Bank of England has put up its rate of interest to ten per cent, and discounts reluctantly at that, it is said. Several houses have gone under. It may be that a part of the flurry has been caused by extraordinary cotton speculations and stock gambling. A heavy demand on the New York market has been the result, and gold has gone up like a rocket.

Nobody can tell, of course, whether the European war rumors will deepen into the lurid horrors of a general conflagration or subside into gyrating wreaths and vanish into thin air. It is difficult to penetrate the arcana of European diplomacy. He of the Tuilleries threw off his usual reticence the other day and spoke with extraordinary plainness and boldness at Auxerre, in the Department of Yonne, a hundred miles southwest of Paris, and the papers attribute the money trouble to his speech. He said he "detested these treaties of 1815 now sought to be made the sole basis of our foreign policy," and he threw in a little barney for "the working population both in town and country." He finds among them the "real genes of France." Some people interpret the "Napoleonic idea" by the rule of contraries, however. When the phlegmatic man says peace, they understand war, and when he says war they look for peace.—"Detested" should be understood in the singular. Reference is undoubtedly made to the treaty of the allied powers after the downfall of Napoleon in 1815, whereby Napoleon and his house were forever excluded from recognition as sovereigns in Europe—a treaty that remains on paper to this day, which S. I. M. so much "detests."

Though he has destroyed it practically for himself, he wants to see it destroyed theoretically as well, lest it should some day, not many years hence perhaps, trouble Nap. Jr.! It may be—and we suspect this is the secret of his apparent bluster—he thinks that open menace, just now when affairs in Austria Prussia, etc., are in so critical a condition, will have the effect of frightening

some of the parties to the abhorred treaty into voluntarily moving for its abrogation.

It there should be a great continental struggle for the "reconstruction" of the map of Europe it would have a tremendous effect upon this country as a matter of course, and an effect not entirely disastrous. It would create an immense demand for our bread-stuffs, for although these are now cheaper there than here, yet a great war would soon turn the tables, and, by crippling production there, call for all we could export at remunerating prices. Manufacturing industry would be powerfully affected, which would naturally react upon the price of cotton.

The immediate effect of the rumors will probably be to stimulate emigration to this country. The "working classes" will probably prefer peace and prosperity over here to the privilege of being shot down and killed or crippled for the glory of their emperored majesties and serene highnesses there, and will be very likely, many of them, to make hay while the sun shines and get out of the fiery furnace as soon as possible.

We are inclined to think that a war in Europe, in its material effects, would do us more good than harm. Still we hope it may be avoided for the sake of a common humanity. Notwithstanding the forcing cloud, our impression is that the chances for peace are at least equal to those of war if not superior.—Should there be a collision between Austria and Italy it by no means follows that it must become European in its character.

The gold excitement in New York we look upon as temporary; and unless the revolutionists opposed to a loyal Congress succeed in still further distracting our public affairs, we expect to see the price decline. Let them triumph permanently had gold would go out of sight, vanish with the Constitution, the Union, and our liberties.

A MODEL CONSERVATIVE MAN.

Mr. Vallandigham took a prominent part in the Democratic Convention held at Columbus in Ohio, the other day.—As our readers know, he and his own intimate friend Pennington, in their speeches, hinted at another civil war, in which Vallandigham hoped to be military commander of Ohio.

In whose interest Mr. Vallandigham would like to be dictator may be gathered from the following extracts from the "Diary of a Rebel War Clerk," recently published, which shows how lively an interest he took in the success of the rebellion, and how eager he was to give useful hints to Jeff Davis, when he was sent South.

On the 27th of May, 1863, the rebel war clerk writes: "Vallandigham has been sent to Shelbyville, within our lines. I think our people ought to give him a friendly greeting."

On the 17th of June he writes: "A sealed envelope came in to-day, addressed by the President to the Secretary of War, marked 'Highly important and confidential,' which of course, I sent to the Secretary without breaking the seal, as it is my duty to do all letters not private or confidential. I can say yet only conjecture what it referred to. It may be of good, and it may be of bad import. It may relate to affairs in the West, or it may be a communication from abroad several steamers having just arrived.—Can it be from the Government at Washington? I care not what it is, if we hold Vicksburg."

On the 18th of June he writes: "I have good reason to suppose that the packages marked 'important,' &c., sent from the President's office yesterday to Secretary of War, was the substance of a conversation which took place between Mr. Ould and Mr. Vallandigham.—What Mr. Vallandigham revealed to Mr. Ould, perhaps supposing the latter, although employed here, friendly to ultimate reconstruction, there is no means of conjecturing. But it was deemed 'highly important.'"

And finally, on the 22d he reveals the mystery. "To-day I saw the memorandum of Mr. Ould, of the conversation held with Mr. Vallandigham, in the archives. He says, if we can only hold out this year, the peace party of the North will sweep the Lincoln dynasty out of political existence."

He seems to have thought that our cause was sinking, and feared that we would submit, which would, of course, be ruinous to his party! But he advised

strongly against any invasion of Pennsylvania, for that would unite all parties at the North, and so strengthen Lincoln's hands that he would be able to crush all opposition, and trample upon the Constitutional rights of the people. Mr. Vallandigham said nothing to indicate that he or the party had any other idea than the Union would be reconstructed under democratic rule. The President indulged with his own pen on this document, that in regard to invasion of the North, experience proved the contrary of what Mr. Vallandigham asserted.—But Mr. Vallandigham is for restoring the Union, amicably, of course, and it cannot be so done, then possibly he is in favor of recognizing our independence. He says any reconstruction which is not voluntarily on our part would soon be followed by another separation and a worse war than the present one."

It is a pity this traitor is not arrested, tried and punished for his treason. But he serves as useful a purpose for the country, perhaps in leading democratic meetings, and making democratic platforms. It would seem that a party which had the slightest particle of discretion would exactly expel such men as Vallandigham from its ranks; but in Pennsylvania they have nominated such a man for Governor; and all over the country the Seymours, Woods, Vallandighams and Penningtons turn up managers of democratic conventions.

THE DOOR FOR THE CAPITOL.

The great Washington door for the new Capitol at Washington is being finished at the Ames works in Chicopee, where two entire years have been spent upon it. Many of the panels are already completed, and the work is progressing as fast as its peculiar complexity will allow. Designed by the lamented Crawford, just previous to his death, it was his chief disservice. Had he survived undoubted the contract for casting would have gone to Munich like its predecessor, the Columbian, historic door, such was his prejudice against his country in this respect.

The massive door has eight panels, four on a side, emblematic respectively of peace and war. On the side devoted to peace, commencing at the bottom, is a group of Washington and his family, representing the peaceful condition of the country at the close of the Revolutionary struggle. Next above is the oration at Trenton, then a scene representing the admission of the oath of Office, and crowning this section is the layer of the cornerstone of the Capitol building. The war side has first a panel symbolizing the stern ideal of deadly strife—a British grenadier fully armed, attacking a peaceful farmer, near a rude log cabin whose chimney arm has already sent him reeling to the ground while the stalwart yeoman's wife is seen handing her husband his trusty firolock, in case he should need it. Above this is the Bayonet charge at Trenton—then the Rebuke of General Lee by Washington, at Monmouth—and finally the Death of General Warren. The panel representing the reprimand of General Lee is a most striking and life-like scene, Washington had always it seems, suspected Lee of disloyalty, and on this occasion found that he had not only failed utterly to carry out his express orders, but had actually ordered and commenced a most cowardly retreat.—Washington is seen as having ridden rapidly to where he meets Lee under a tree, and rising in the stirrups of his saddle, administers a rebuke that droops the traitor's head as much as Lee's military salute to his chief has his sword. It is said that this was the only instance in which Washington was ever known to use language even bordering on profanity. The singular thing about this particular panel is that Jeff Davis was one of the commissioners to examine Crawford's designed for his historic and conspicuous piece of work for the new Capitol—the wonder, being that he, or any other Southern man, should have consented to emblazon this withering shame on one of the most chivalric sons of the South. Yet so it is—and let the sympathizer with his fitting representative, in the person of Robert E. Lee, remember the prophecy of the panel, and its historic verification to-day.

BEECHER AND TILTON.

Beecher and Tilton had an amusing skirmish lately. The Plymouth congregation were considering the question of raising means to erect a Congregational church in Washington, where it is supposed to be peculiarly needed. Beecher had studiously avoided all reference to political matters, when Tilton being loudly called for, entered the pulpit and simply said that he was greatly interested in the Washington church enterprise, and added that he had spent some time in Washington, and with all due deference to his friend Beecher, he could say that he had heard just as good preaching in that benighted city as he ever had in Brooklyn, and what was more, the Washington sermons were a great deal sounder in a political way than the recent utterances of Plymouth pulpit. This ended Tilton's speech, whereupon he good humoredly gave the Rev. Beecher a tremendous slap on the knee, and in return the Plymouth pastor boyishly but vigorously pushed the editorial Tilton out of the pulpit, while the large audience was convulsed with laughter at the discomfiture of the Johnsonian clergyman.

A V. Tor.—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile the other day to his indulgent sire, "Pa, haven't I got a veto as well as the President?"

"No, my child."
"Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a V. Tor, I reckon."
"Take that child to his mother, he's ruined!"

COPPERHEAD TROUBLES.

Our good, old, anti-war, Copperhead Democratic party in Pennsylvania, is having a very troublesome time with its "omnibus load" of allies, the special friends of "My Policy." Their new leader, Senator Cowan, insists that Hester Clymer shall withdraw from the Democratic candidacy for Governor, and some such party-betrayer as Mr. Cowan take the nomination. Mr. Clymer is too much of a Democrat for these supporters of "My Policy"—hence their desire to have a candidate who will suit the few purchasables Cowan expects to take with him. This scheme is the source of much trouble and annoyance to the Cop'leaders, who do not wish to give up their favorite candidate, Mr. Clymer. They contend that course would demoralize their party more than any possible advantage it would receive from the support of Mr. Cowan.

To our party this is a matter of entire indifference. Gen. Geary can beat the two factions, no matter who they may close to unite on. Mr. Clymer, in our judgment, will be no easier beaten than any other candidate, in spite of his copperhead recruit. But Gen. Geary, if he lives, will just as certainly be the next Governor as Gov. Curtin now is. Sole Copperheads and two-headed Republicans worry. All is well for us.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

The latest news from Europe is to the effect that, as a dernier resource a Congress is to assemble in Paris on the 16th inst., under the presidency of M. DAUDET L'HÉRY, who is NAPOLEON'S foreign minister. The parties represented are to be France, England, Prussia, Austria and Italy. The object is to try and effect a peaceful solution of the difficulties between the three last-named Powers, which threaten to eventuate in immediate war. It is said that should Austria not send a representative to this Congress, England and Russia will act for her. It is not certain indeed, that Prussia and Italy had accepted the invitation to this Congress. If any good come out of it, it held, we shall be surprised. Three great European States are in arms to carry out.

The simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can."

Austria keeps Houlstien and Venetia, and Prussia is resolved to take the first while Italy appropriates the latter.—Houlstien does not belong either to Austria or to Prussia, but actually to Denmark. On the other hand, Venetia is naturally a part of Italy, and ought to be restored to that kingdom—particularly as the Veterans hate their Austrian taskmasters, and earnestly desire to pass from the rule of the Emperor FRANCIS-JOSEPH to that of King VICTOR EMMANUEL. What is more, the rest of Italy has determined that Venetia shall no longer remain under a foreign yoke, and, even should a Congress determine otherwise, the will of Italy has to be carried out. Happen what may, it is scarcely to be expected that Venetia can remain an Austrian appanage. It is easy to see, from a careful consideration of the premises, that though a Congress may put off the European war for a few weeks, it will scarcely be able to do more. It may delay, but can scarcely prevent it.

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A picture of Misery.—A pretty girl with a new bonnet on a rainy Sunday, and her dress going dip, dip, every step she takes, because she is afraid to elevate her skirts on account of that hole in her stocking.

A MAN'S worth consists in his virtue, and not in his dollars and cents.

A PENNSYLVANIAN WANTED.

George Williams, supposed to be a resident of Pennsylvania, was enlisted by Captain William Kenny, of Co. B, 8th Ohio Infantry, in June, 1861. Just before the battle of Gettysburg he gave the Captain a check for \$60. During that memorable engagement Wilson was killed. The Captain is now living in Cleveland, Ohio, has the check, and says there is some back pay and bounty due the soldier. Wilson once informed a comrade, while on picket guard that he was born in Pennsylvania, that he had been absent from home over six years, and that his parents did not know anything relative to his whereabouts.—Captain Kenny is desirous of sending the check to his friends, if they can be found.

THE FATE OF ALL SUCH.

An editor of a western paper, while taking a snooze after dark, travelling in a railway carriage, had his pocket picked. The thief next day forwarded the pocket book by express to the editor's office, with the following note:

"You're miserable skunk, hears yer pocket book. I don't keep sich. For a man dressed as well as you was, to go round with a wallet and nutting in it but a lot of noosepapers scraps, an ivry tuth cumb, too noosepapers stamps and a pass from a rail rode directur, is a contemptible impersion on the public.—As I hear your a editor, I return yer trash—I never robs any, only gentlemen."

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "FENIAN."

—Mr. Stephens, the chief organizer of those Fenians who submit to his operations, in reply to a request that he would define the origin of the title of the fraternity, says that a chieftain existed in Ireland, just anterior to the Christian era, named Fionn MacCul. This personage was the commandant of the "Fenian Erio," Irish militia, at a period when Ireland was a nation, and her people protected themselves against the encroachments of all invaders. As the present organization is instituted for the same purpose, the name of Fenian was adapted for the branch of the brotherhood in the United States.

THE SPREAD EAGLE.—Down East they

sometimes talk in very flowery language when patriotism is the theme.—The *Huston (Me.) Times* says the people of that town are agitated upon the question of a new town hall, and that in the heat of debate one gentleman urged the measure in order "that the young men of our town may have a suitable place to assemble, and be so imbued with the spirit of liberty and patriotism that every hair of their heads will be a liberty pole with the star-spangled banner floating from it."

PAPER SHIRTS.—Those unique and

spotless garments are now being manufactured very extensively in the East, and are retailed at twenty-five cents each, which is cheap enough. We hope to see them in very general use, though a little linen would not damage the best of them.

What's a man without a mate?
Or a boat without a sail?
T. ink of dwelling, cruel fate,
Within a shirt without a t—
tolerable share of linen to make it pliable and comfortable.

At the time of the explosion of the nitro glycerine in the yard of Wells, Fargo & Co., in San Francisco, a lad was sitting at his desk writing, while plastering and timber fell around, without so much as hurrying a hair on his head. The same boy was sitting on the paddle-box of the steamer Yosemite, when she was blown up, on a trip to Sacramento, and was blown entirely across the river, when he coolly swam back to the wreck to offer assistance to the less fortunate passengers.

BILLINGS says: "I never could find the meaning of the word 'collide' in Webster. But riding one day on the New York railway I saw it. It was the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. It I remember correctly it was a shocking failure."

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SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House,

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May 2, 6m.

THIRST NO MORE!
on to
"Joe" Turner's

HE HAS JUST OPENED A
NEW SALOON!!
Keeps Good Rye Whisky, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. and has the wherewith to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn. apr 25—6m

Whiskers FORCED TO GROW
On the Smoothest Face!

BY
CHARLES HICKEY,
No. 5, Condit's Row,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

aug 30, '66
Valuable Recipes for sale.
The following recipes can be had by calling on or addressing the undersigned:
Hair Dye, No. 1, for sale.
Hair Dye, No. 2, for sale.
Hair Renewer, Hair Restorer, Cure for Pimples and Blisters, Ready for Freckles and Tan, all for \$5.
These recipes are as good as any in use anywhere.
HOS. FERRELL,
Waynesburg, Pa.